

PS

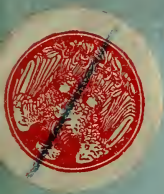
3509

N54H3

1919

The Heart of a Girl

Lucile C. Enlow





Class PS 3543

Book .N 54 H3

Copyright N^o 1919

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE HEART OF A GIRL



THE HEART *of* A GIRL

BY
LUCILE C. ENLOW



BOSTON
THE STRATFORD CO., *Publishers*
1919

PS3509
.N54 H3
1919

Copyright 1919.
The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.



SEP -8 1919

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

©Cl.A529788

INDEX TO CONTENTS

The Critic	3
Youth and Age	4
The Song of the Pines	6
Grandma	8
The Sailor	9
Girlhood	10
The Gypsy Lass	12
A May Morning	13
June	15
A Man's World	17
The Blues	18
My Dog	21
Longing	22
A Fickle King	23
Lake Michigan	25
Fiat Justitio	26
A Safe Weather Prophecy	27

INDEX TO CONTENTS

An Etching	28
Unspoken Thoughts	29
Hymn	30
A Prayer	31
The Ascension	33
September	35
The Waves	36
De Profundis	37
On a Brook	39
Worship	40
The Little I. W. W.	41
To My Husband	42
Weary of Light	44
Indian Lullaby	45
Love Song	46
Baby	47
Blind Muriel	49
Babe in the Woods	51
Death and Life	52
Isaiah 55	54

INDEX TO CONTENTS

My Dream	55
Absence	56
A Child	58
Time	59
Ghosts	61
Nursery Song	62
Sweet Memories	63
Sunshine and Shadows	64
Fate	65
Rest	66
Florida	67
Forgetting	68

INTRODUCTION

THESE verses for the most part represent the moods of adolescence, as they were written between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, a few later.

Whatever their merit as poems, I felt that they might be of interest to other young girls who find themselves desperate for some mode of expressing their thronging thoughts and emotions. Spent in words hidden away among our private belongings, they harm no one and are helpful at least for the time being, to us if to no other soul. So I dedicate my little book, first to the one girl who has been my own loyal companion and inspiration since childhood, and then to all girls everywhere.

LUCILE C. ENLOW.

Lovingly Dedicated to Betty Vogel Vining

INTO my life there came
A breath of fragrance never lost
Because one does not doubt me,
My friend knows all about me
And loves me just the same
At any cost.

And sweeter than her trust
Is that deep rest of faith in me
Whereby I know my love is sure,
'Twill outlast life and then endure—
When we are laid in dust—
Eternity.

The Critic

HA! Are ye all authors?
This goodly throng!
Ye all claim to write
Undying song?
Let Time judge!

From such a crowd as ye
Time might pick one.
You're all immortal?
Ha, what fun!
Let Time judge!

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Youth and Age

THE lonely trickle of the drizzling rain
Falls on my spirit with a pleasant ache;
The sleeping echoes of old voices wake
Like the dim remembrance of forgotten pain.

Last night the earth wept, warm youth feeling
old;

Today the tears are frozen on her face,
The branches bowing with a weary grace
Are frozen-bowed now, lifeless, dry and cold.

The gentle music of warm grief is stilled,
The footprints planted in the sad, moist
ground

Were swiftly sculptured there without a
sound,
And with the bright, pure snow were lightly
filled.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The sun came later and her tender smile
Made brilliant jewels of those early tears,
As wise Time uses all the nameless fears
That bother us in youth a little while.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Song of the Pines

THE tinkling needles of the forest pine,
Sing a serenade to Sedawaia;
Every little murmur seems like sighing,
And she sleeps to the song of the pines.

Sh—! Sedawaia's dreaming,
Dreaming to the song of the pines.

The whisp'ring, swaying of the slender boughs
Bring dreams of a painted quiver,
And flying arrows whistling thru the pines
That sing duets with the river.

Sh—! Sedawaia's dreaming,
Dreaming to the song of the pines.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The perfumed freshness of her forest bed
Is shared with the fleet wild deer,
But the Indian locks of Sedawaia
Do not stir for she knows no fear.

Sh—! Sedawaia's dreaming,
Dreaming to the song of the pines.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Grandma

GRANDMA! Saintly, gentle soul!
Smiling peaceful on us all;
Nearing now that longed-for goal,
Waiting for her Saviour's call.

See, her tread is slow and careful,
Not as in her youth she trod;
She is learning to be prayerful
And to keep in step with God.

Some refuse to bow to kings,
Some, to beauty, it is said;
But all the world its tribute brings
And bows before an old, white head.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Sailor

THE leaden sky and the frosty winds
And the plumes of the foaming sea,
And the storm-lashed ship on the rattling wave,
Send a tingling thrill thru an old sea-brave
And a great old salt like me.

With a dash and a plunge and a forward bound
We make for the ocean floor:
But the waves heave up to the hanging sky
And hush while we shiver there on high,
Till we sink with an ominous roar.

Oh, water is the world for me!
The roll and splash of the open sea.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Girlhood

PUZZLING emotions,
Perceptions at war,
Ambitions that fly out
And grow as they soar;
Severe disappointments,
A time of despair,
Strange dreams that vanish
We cannot tell where;
Short moral lapses,
Feelings sincere,
Quick noble passions
That fade with the year;
Fierce thoughts and gentle,
Hopes strong and pure,
All things unsettled,
Nothing quite sure;
Days of pure happiness,
Others all pain,
Struggles recurring
Again and again;
Much that is hidden,
Mysterious, dim,

THE HEART OF A GIRL

All so unshapen
That none may look in ;
Flashed revelations
Impetuous tears ;
These, the emotions
That tangle thru years
Of Girlhood

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Gypsy Lass

I LOVE a pretty gypsy lass
And a witching lass is she;
She's impossible to match,
But ah! She's wary and hard to catch:
For she's always bounded free,
And she's all the world to me;
But ah! She's wary and hard to catch
And she's all the world to me.

I love her merry impish eyes
And her straight and shining hair:
But she roams thru the world her whole life-long,
And this is her never-changing song,
"Your lot I will not share
Catch me if you dare!"
And this is her never-changing song,
"Catch me if you dare!"

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A May Morning

THE humming-bird with a colored flash,
Swoops down with a dash,
And tips the ferns
To the sweetened urns
Of the morning-glory.

The dragon-fly on his paper wing
Hums a tune to spring,
And drifts from sight
Like a fairy kite
To the buttercups.

The bumble-bee while it heavily wheels,
Lifts fringed heels
And takes a dip
For a nectared sip
In the clover-bloom.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A butterfly with a pretty sweep
Rests her dainty feet
In a garden bed,
On the graceful head
Of a daffodil.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

June

LIGHTLY I swing in my rainbow hammock,
Deep in a humid cloud I lie :
And I sing and swing and I tip and rock
In my summer home in the sky.

The primrose withers, the wood-leaves droop,
Sulky nature is spoiled in the heat :
But I dream all day that I poise and stoop,
With fluffy clouds at my winged feet.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

SOME hearts are like the wild rose
With petals frail and sweet,
That drop off when the wind blows
And spoil beneath our feet.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A Man's World

A WOMAN has no right to love
Until her love is sought.
So says the world, and for this thing
Have many women fought.

Well said, cold world! Come, cage her heart
In iron to keep it free,
That she may love when love's returned
And save her modesty.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Blues

WEARY, weary, weary!
Melancholy song;
And it's dreary, dreary, dreary
All day long.

Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!
Hear the people sigh,
For tomorrow, morrow, morrow
They will die.

Dreary life and dismal death!
Shall we keep or free our breath?

THE HEART OF A GIRL

PICK a jolly dandelion!
 Won't he make you smile?
If he will, then don't tell me
 That weeds are not worth while!

THE HEART OF A GIRL

JUST a little "tra-la-la,"
On a dreary day;
Just a cheery "Ha-ha-ha!"
Often lights the way.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

My Dog

LONESOME on a dreary day
Wand'ring on my weary way,
Stumbling thru life's wintry fog,
Who could cheer me but my dog?

When I did the best I could,
And the world misunderstood;
Foes reviled me, friends the same,
From my dog the comfort came.

Then I stroked his curly fur,
Sympathizing little cur!
He'll stay with me till I die,
We're real friends, my dog and I.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Longing

WHEN the sun sinks down to rest
And the breezes die away,
Dusky twilight seeks the west
Chasing every gleam of day;
Then I long for you, dear,
Then I long for you.

When the dreaming hills are shrouded
And the linnet's song is still,
And the shadow-elves are crowded
Dancing on my window-sill;
Then I long for you, dear,
Then I long for you.

When the moon is old and gray
With its silvery mist of light,
And the fairies help me pray
God to keep you thru the night;
Then I long for you, dear,
Then I long for you.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A Fickle King

ON one of those September days
When the wind is full of moods,
I listened for his changing voice
As he whistled thru the woods.
Hysterical and loud and rough,
He snatched the tingeing leaves,
And bore them ruthless to the ground
For winter chills to freeze.
Then with a fierce and mighty sigh
The great wild voice was calm;
And mourning o'er the dying leaves
Crooned, weird and low, a psalm:
And then with awful violence
He shrieked as if in pain,
And madly swept the fallen leaves
Into the hurricane.
Furious, he rocked the trees
And forced them to bend low,
Shouting, "*I am king of winds!*
Bow down when I blow!"

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Then sorry for the naked tree
Robbed of its pretty gown,
The shrill voice wavered in the air
And wearily died down.
Quiet for a breathless moment,
Then, his strength all spent,
He moaned and wailed a dolorous sound
And wept a sad lament.
Softly sobbing — sobbing — sobbing,
Now he creeps away,
And when he comes again he'll be
The gayest of the gay.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Lake Michigan

THE horizon is dipped in the panting waves,
White clouds touch the under surface;
Waters are rising in swift green caves,
And a rainbow is lost in crisping lace;
This is joy,
Oh Sailor Boy!

A jocund sea hits the breezy air
And slips to the throat of the deep;
A gull flaps down with a saucy dare
And tickles a wave with his skimming feet.
To the north we go,
Old Boreas, blow!

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Fiat Justitio

WEALTH may steal and all is well;
Lying lips will never tell;
Dollars easy get more dollars
In the hands of Old Graft's scholars.
If a man to save the life
Of a starving child or wife,
Takes one crumb of all the loaves
Baking in the rich man's stoves,
Then the world in horror cries,
"Shut him up!" and thinks she's wise.
If we only had the mercy
Not to take all things by hearsay,
We might see the piteous labor
Of some less successful neighbor,
And reproach the dirty wretches
For the gap their grasping stretches.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A Safe Weather Prophecy

WHEN you go to church to pray for rain,
Be the sun ever so yellow,
Be the sky ever so cloudless and blue,
You'd better take an umbrella.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

An Etching

THE windows of the colored west
Wide open when the day is done,
Show richly tinted coverlets
That make a soft bed for the sun.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Unspoken Thoughts

THE world is ever ready to condemn, to
scorn,
To ridicule, to point a cynic's finger
At its men and almost justly, too,
The track of thought reveals so little new.

But in my deepest being lives a faith
In the unspoken thought of every man
Wherein still lies the kernel of the best
Though this thought daily dies unguessed.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Hymn

UNDER thy shadow let me abide;
For all my needs, Lord, thou can'st
provide.

Let me not wander far from thy side,
Jesus, oh my Saviour!

Fill thou me with thy love every day;
Watch o'er my lips in all that I say:
Keep my heart pure forever I pray,
Jesus, oh my Saviour!

Earnestly, Lord, I hunger for thee;
Make me just what you want me to be:
Keep me from sin and dwell thou in me,
Jesus, oh my Saviour!

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A Prayer

O H Father, fill me with thy joy,
And keep my heart in peace;
May nothing of the world annoy;
Bid restless longings cease.

Let thy rich Word abide in me
And teach me how to pray;
I ask thee, Lord, my strength to be,
My guide o'er all the way.

Give me a love that will forget
The world owes ought to me,
That I may tell the wondrous debt
Man ever owes to thee.

Thou bidst me cast on thee my care
And look for rest above:
Forgive me, Jesus, that I dare
To doubt thy patient love.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Oh Christ, I see thy matchless worth
And my poor self I bring,
For thee to send where e'er on earth
I can thy praises sing.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Ascension

INTO a softly glowing cloud
Our Saviour ascended out of their sight :
The Galileans with sad hearts bowed
Gazed wondering, sorrowing, strangely awed
At the lingering light.

In the silence a heavenly voice was heard :
“Why gaze ye into the heavens still?
Remember ye not His own glad word?
How your heavy hearts were comforted, stirred,
As He told His will?

Jesus, the very same shall come
As your eyes have beheld Him return to God.
He broke the bands of death and the tomb
And is gone as He said to prepare you a home.
Go back where He trod.

Go back to the world He loved so well ;
Tell of the marvelous virgin birth.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Preach to the unbelieving of hell,
Of the Saviour's atoning death go tell
Thru all the earth.

Why stand ye gazing into the sky?
Rejoice! Ye sorrowing ones, rejoice!
Arisen, your Lord can never die:
Watch! lest his coming again be nigh!"
Spoke the gentle voice.

So those men preached how He went away,
And the Comforter came to give them power.
Hark! Ye sleeping sons of today!
How do *you* preach and how do *you* pray?
Waiting — hour by hour?

Ah! The time may be long as men count time
But the Lord is not slack concerning His word.
Hearts yet bound at those words sublime
That the angel spoke and in every clime
Have been heard.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

September

ROUGH winter is too rashly bold
And blows too wild a breath;
The teasing sparkle of its cold
Smiles heartlessly on death.

New spring is frivolous and gay,
Untaught and tentative
When lawless youth throws care away
And only lives to live.

The lavish summer's perfumed heat
Intemperately shed,
Betokens fruit too ripely sweet
And words too hotly said.

But all the years that God has blessed
Our thankful hearts remember,
In mellow autumn's holy rest;
Harmonious September.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Waves

THE white-flecked waves with mystic lore,
Whispered as they touched the shore.
I could hear them murmuring faintly,
As they rocked and prated quaintly
Fairy secrets o'er and o'er.

Like grandmas at a morning tea,
Each wave gossiped socially;
Gayly nodding their white caps,
Slipping into frequent naps
As happy as could be.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

De Profundis

I GAZED unseen on your face;
So noble, serene and pure,
With the dreams of your untried youth.
I gloried in the strength of your manly grace,
And your eyes — ah! one glance at those eyes
Made my blood leap wild:
Glowing with brown light straight from your
soul,
Luminous fires of whimsical charm,
Or darkened to hide the sensitive thought
Within.

Once by chance in a merry crowd
Your hand touched mine,
And a flame shot back to my heart,
Catching the drift-wood of my soul,
Leaving nought but the soul of my soul,
And burning there this picture of you
Forever.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Oh! Were you now what you might have been,
Noble, serene and pure
With the healthy honest scars
Of battle with the ills and pains of earth,
The fire that has burned with steady purpose
all these years
To keep my heart a fit place for my love,
Need never brand another picture
By the first.

I wonder had you known a little
Of the depth of my belief in you,
Oh half the power I could have thrown with
yours
To keep you strong as you were true,
If you would still have passed me day by day
And never guessed,
That God made me your natural
Complement.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

On a Brook

I HEAR its merry tinkle thru the wood,
As frolicking and fanciful it strays;
And vacillating turns so many ways
To follow out each fitful, changing mood.

It wanders thru a labyrinth of trees,
And gurgles fairy secrets to the earth;
The wood resounding with its elfish mirth
Re-echos till it never seems to cease.

Oh aimless, happy little gadding brook!
Thou servest well to teach mankind an art,
Though obstacles too easy make thee bend.

Thy mystic babbling well could make a book
To fill with joyous tales our heavy hearts,
And cheer us with their lightness to the end.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Worship

MASTER, look into my heart!
Behold the wonder there.
Thou rulest me in every part
I see thee everywhere.

Each tiny joy thrills up to thee,
Its sympathizing Friend;
And every sorrow trustingly
Awaits a glorious end.

Oh Jesus, know that I love thee,
I cannot tell thee how:
But all thou art, dear Lord, in me
I give in worship now.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The Little I. W. W.

ONCE there was a little boy
And he screamed to his mother,
“I won’t!”
And his loving mama coaxed her child
With a “Don’t, now, deary, don’t!”

In after years that dear little boy
Said to his country, “I won’t!”
And his country gave him a dark little cell
Instead of a “Don’t, now, don’t.”

THE HEART OF A GIRL

To My Husband

THERE'S a song in my heart I could sing
all the day,
Forever and ever and ever and aye;
And the skies may be dark or the skies may be
blue:

I love you — love you!
And the skies may be blue or the skies may be
dark,
I love you, my husband, dear heart of my heart.

Some day my glad heart will hush its wild song,
To a soft lullaby and I'll sing all day long:
And though we be poor or though we be rich,
I'll love you — love you!
And though we be rich or though we be poor,
I'll love you, my husband, as never before.

And when we are gray and our children are
gone
My voice may be cracked but I'll still have my
song.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

When warm blood grows cold and our bright
eyes are dim

I'll love you — love you!

When bright eyes are dim and our warm blood
grows cold

I'll love you more, Sweetheart, because you are
old.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Weary of Light

M OON, thou chilly shivering guard
Of night, withdraw, and lead with thee
The sleepy, blinking stars:
Disclose no more the brusque shades
Of the sullen, secret midnight;
The direful, solemn shapes of blackest hell
That huddle in the gloom and fright my soul.

The sun's broad stare lays flat the mystery,
And shoots with glazing impudence its horrid
streams
Upon the awful and the delicate alike.
Away! all light, and soothe me in velvet oblivion.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Indian Lullaby

(Four Part Song)

DEEP night! Sleep, night!
Close your thousand eyes bright.
Rest soon, soft moon
To this mellow Indian tune.

Birds call! Leaves fall,
Rustling from the trees tall;
Hush! Pines, long pines
Troubled by the sighing winds.

Fly deer! Shy deer,
Swiftly run without fear.
Bend, bow! Arrow,
Only harm the Indian's foe.

Still brook! Green brook!
Whisp'ring in a shady nook.
Sweet bed, pine bed,
Fresh and cool for Wana's head.

Deep night! Sleep, night!
Close your thousand eyes bright.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Love Song

I FLED from the world with a sudden cry
From the surging pain of a pent up grief,
And my sobbing heart did not ask me why
When at last I wept in despair for relief:
Wept for relief.

A year, Beloved, a year from today
I steeled my heart to say good-bye,
And fiercely I've lived the time away,
And fiercely stifled every sigh:
Fiercely — every sigh.

I am quivering now with agony,
And the long year past is a fearful dream.
Darling! My lover! Come back to me!
But my shivering heart sees no answering
gleam:
No answering gleam.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Baby

BABY sees the blowing leaves
And smiles up at the pretty trees :
Baby gives a funny sneeze—
And learns to laugh.

One pink foot shoves on the floor ;
Baby moves an inch or more :
Now he reaches for the door
And he can creep !

“Ma-ma-ma-ma” is the song
Baby sings when something’s wrong.
Mama always comes along,
He knows a word !

Baby pulls up on a stair ;
Then he stands by mother’s chair ;
Then he takes his father’s dare
And walks alone.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

How our heart-strings ring with joy
As we see our baby boy
Learning by each painted toy,
Some new thing.

To Him in grateful love we look
Who often little children took
Commanding us in His dear Book
To be like them.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Blind Muriel

THE poets sing of pale blue skies
And whistling wind:
I hear the rustling breeze that flies
Like talking air, and gently sighs
Because I'm blind,
But what is color that they find
The rumbling clouds are yellow-lined?

The waving grasses speak to me
And make me strong
With understanding sympathy:
They seem to know I cannot see
And whisper long
That nothing in the world is wrong
Since I can hear the faintest song.

If I could see, I've often heard
That it would mean
A duller ear for calls of bird,
That trill out while the light wings purr

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Above the green,
Which feels so soft and cool now in my dream
And harmonizes with things as they seem.

A sound makes pictures that to me are real:
I love to know things as I hear and feel.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Babe in the Woods

S PORT with the shadows
And catch the dead leaves;
Eat nuts with the squirrels
And climb the tall trees:
Hie off with the sunshine
To find the spring flowers,
But fly home to motherland
From the cold showers.

List to the sermons
Of Jack-in-the-pulpit;
Hush, till you find
Where the oriole's babe lit:
Ho! Little runaway
From mother's arms;
Come slip to your own nest
When the wood storms.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Death and Life

MY thoughts amorphous, straggle thru my
brain,
Until they find a chamber locked as death,
Where oft before they have in timid fear
Refused to try the bright, cold key to pain.

With fretted haste, they scatter in a maze;
But marshalled by a strange, resisting force,
Today they circle close about the door—
And open to the chill of murdered days.

The air smells stalely sweet of flowers crushed
And broken from their green and tender
stems.

Diaphanous, a pall of dull blue light
Half screens a coffin, coldly hushed.

Strewn under and around it, lovely forms
Show ghastly faces, horrid with decay.
My thoughts gaze wildly at the stiffened days
And winged memories clinging dead in swarms.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

With stifled cries they blindly seek the light
Of day, and struggle out in crowds in haste,
To lock the door forever; but one thought
Like evening sunshine, lingered in the night.

Unmindful of the aspect so like death
Of flowers, memories, days and coffined trust,
Forgiveness touched them all and gently
smiled
To see them start to life with fresh, warm
breath.

The air, transformed and mellow, softly moves
Abundant with the wholesome stir of spring;
The fruit of death is rich, eternal life
When touched by love, forgiveness ever proves.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Isaiah 55

INCLINE thine ear and come unto me;
Hear, and thy soul shall live:
Open thine eyes, that thou mayest see
The blessings I have to give.

Oh wicked one, forsake thy way;
Unrighteous man, thy thought:
Return to the Lord while 'tis called today;
Thy sins I'll count for naught.

The rocks may move and hills depart,
But ne'er my love from thee:
Fear not, but give to me thy heart
And I thy God will be.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

My Dream

I SEE thee oft, bright angel,
And love thee each time more.
Today thy face shines with a light
I never saw before.
With awe and holy rapture,
I hush my lingering breath;
And rest deep in thy close embrace,
Sweet messenger of death.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Absence

THE moon shines down with a big, soft glow
of light,

As I sit on our old back stairs:
And the whip-poor-will's call is the only sound
of the night
While I breathe from my soul these prayers.

“Oh God, take the loneliness here in my aching
breast

And the longing for him I love,
And his longing for me, and teach us that true
soul-rest

That is only born from above.

Distill from our common suffering, his and
mine,

A fragrance as sweet as the flowers,
That we may not think of the pain of our part-
ing, and pine
For the wild, selfish joy of past hours.”

THE HEART OF A GIRL

The moon still glows o'er the silent earth and
I hear

The faint, crazed call of the whip-poor-will:
But somehow, darling, I feel in my heart you
are near

With the ocean between us still.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

A Child

A CHILD! They say I am a child
When thoughts pass thru my brain as wild
And reckless as the sea,
That rush like strong waves over me.

Well, let them say it! I will smile,
And my heart bursting all the while,
Shall seem to them a quiet place
Where nought abides but love and grace.

A restless spirit like a twittering bird
Within me has a big ambition stirred,
To rouse the world with something great
And do it now, lest it should be too late.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Time

WHAT shall I do with the hours that fly
Like slow-moving clouds thru the infinite
sky

Of the infinite universe? So many more
Follow this and untarrying vanish before
I have wakened to greet them. I wish I could
see

Them before they slip by so bewilderingly.
I think of the hours I have lived thru in vain,
And the days they have made, till a vague, rest-
less pain

Fills my heart. In my life all the good I have
done,
If condensed into years would scarcely make
one.

The minutes, the hours, the days and the weeks
Of my gay, heedless youth I have wasted. Time
seeks

Not to force its fulfillment but sternly rides on,
Still some of it going and some of it gone.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

It waits not one moment and heeds not one tear
Of the many that flow o'er the grave of a year.
But I'll spend no more of it in useless lament,
For I cannot redeem any moment misspent.
Still march on, O thou mystery, eternal Time!
By thy seconds and minutes and hours I'll
climb.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Ghosts

I SHIVER at the moon at night
As scared as scared can be,
Cause the shadows of its spooky light
Look just like bears against the white
A chasin' after me.

I niver was a scared o'day
When things are company.
The sunshine shadows chase away
Like little girls and boys at play
That you can plainly see.

But even day has awful sights
'Cause I looked way up high,
And saw that thing I see o' nights,
Paler'n any kind o' lights,
The moon's ghost in the sky!

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Nursery Song

THE ginger-bread man! The ginger-bread
man!
Sprinkle inside him a little grape jam,
And bake him in the cookie pan:
And everyone likes the ginger-bread man.

It matters not if he has one eye,
Or if he puffs out and then sighs a sad sigh,
The children one and all will cry,
“He’s the ginger-bread man! The ginger-bread
man!”

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Sweet Memories

WILDROSE, gentian, golden-rod,
Reminders true:
How tenderly they always nod
And speak of you!

“Her cheeks were like my petals fair,”
The wildrose nods:
“And I am like her yellow hair,”—
The golden-rods.

The gentian smiles up at the skies
To let me know,
She's but the shadow of your eyes
Down here below.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Sunshine and Shadows

WHEN the sun went lilting
Over the summer sea,
Then the rays flew whispering,
“We’ll come back to thee.”
Mingling with the shadows
Farther off they strayed,
Leaving me in darkness,
Doubting and sore dismayed.

Back the sun came lilting
Over the summer sea.
Then the rays flew whispering,
“We’ve come back to thee.”
Others were in the shadow,
I was in the light.
To appreciate sunshine
We have to have the night.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Fate

I BREATHED my soul across the sea
And whispered, "Love, come back to me!"
But oh, what ceaseless agony!
The waves rose stern and tall,
To dash my soul's cry back to me
And that is all.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Rest

THE purple clouds met the quiet sea
And rolled o'er the silent deep.
A single star trembled over me
As the great ship labored steadily,
And I felt at last my soul fly free
And my drooping eyelids close in sleep
While the purple clouds met the quiet sea
And rolled o'er the silent deep.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Florida

THERE'S a lilting breeze
That is great and rare,
Where the spiked palm leaves
On the tall, gaunt trees
Cut the luring air.

How the sun does shine
On the brilliant sand
So white and fine,
Thru the slippery pine
Of the dear South-land!

There's the sweetest drawl
In the mellow tone
That runs "yo' all"
In a lazy sprawl
Like a honey-bee drone.

On the summer sea,
In the air above
There is poetry,
And the birds agree
In a song of love.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

Forgetting

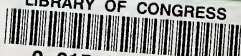
MY heart's been sad for long, so long,
And all the world's been going wrong,
Till I'd forgot the sound of song:

Why does it seem
That all the bitterness is gone?

Is this a dream?
Oh, wake me not! Let me sleep on
By Lethe's stream.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 908 275 1